

Heretic Hero

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Summary: Read the epic legend of the Last Heretic, sworn to protect the truth and bring the Prophet's to their selfcorruption...

Heretic Hero

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> The Beginning
 Sky L

> Prologue

Gala 'Gammamee stood in the core of the mining facility. The ramps and ramparts clambering above him gave the Heretic a sense of security, even with a skirmish brewing near. The Elite prodded his Covenant Carbine with a fresh clip and a spit from the nose aired his fingers with cold steam.

> The Elite settled his purple weapon to his chest, raising his mandibles to the Heretic Leader preaching on a podium next to a visional map of the station. The band of Heretics who stood before him were adjusting their bronze plates of armor, posturing to the Heretic Leader.<p>

"When the Covenant bond was forged and the Elites promised security for the Prophets we were all lured into a doomed fate" The Heretic Leader bore his fist in the air.

> "Heresy is the truth as the Oracle has bequeathed with us. The Prophets are using the faith of the Forerunners to bring doom upon us allâ€|" He waved his arm across his heart. "The Great Journey is deceiving!"
 The Elites and Grunts hissed their distress and growled the exaltation as he concluded resoundingly. "It is our insight, our time, and our revolution!"

'Gammamee let out a blaring roar sustained by dozens of cries. The Heretic Leader jumped from the podium, letting his thruster pack guide him as the Heretics around them filtered to elevator, to their appointed patrols. He landed next to the Elite, both their breaths expressed into frozen steam.

> "Our legion, brother is efficient and suited for oppression against

the blind." The Heretic Leader inhaled. "Thanks to the Oracle we have a multitude of the Forerunner's defenses"
 "What of the Flood?" The Heretic Field Master resolved.

The Leader looked to map inclining his head to the cyan ramparts around the facility. The red dots in the abiding of the center indicated Flood carriers moving and feasting upon the Heretics.
> "Ignore them to be restrained to the Oracle. I do not wish to see any deaths to our brothers from the parasite"
 "Yes, Leader" 'Gammamee held his fist to his chest and hunched his forehead.
> From the Heretic's heads a screeching sound broke. The reverberation of plasma fire resounded through their transmissions, along with the cries and clamors from Elites and Grunts as they died in swift fires. Their battle arrays shattered and the eruption of blades clashing with flesh sounded with the shrieks.<p>

'Gammamee looked up to the humming of a blue orb, floating gracefully in the air. The drones of Sentinels followed closely to the Oracle, gradually hovering to 343 Guilty Spark's buzzing.
> "According the didactic pattern of this facility's fortification, I have inspected an attack from the meddlers themselves." The Oracle purred. "They have acquired a breach in the facility's defense and have already ruptured your withstanding"
 The Heretic knew that the Covenant were persistent in their 'Great Journey' and would not impede until all were glorified on this unthinkable doom. The Covenant was sent to suppress them on this station, no doubt the Prophet's will, to silence them.

'Gammamee was a Heretic warrior and would do anything to keep the virtue alive. He looked at the Heretic Leader, splitting his mandibles to attest the difficulty of the situation.
> "Leader, the maelstrom has disrupted our communications" 'Gammamee said cleaving his eyes to his Leader. "What do we do?"
 The Heretic Elite paced to the map and back, pausing to look at the Oracle's Sentinels. Lingered to their shadows below, as he studied the facility through the blue projection.
> "Release the Flood to them€|Contain all chambers that have our warriors in them" The Heretic Leader proclaimed, ignoring his last order to him. "Command your squad, brother and meet me outside the Banshee Port"<p>

'Gammamee bided his stance, waiting for the Heretic Leader to tread out, while the Sentinels fluttered to diverse conduits and tubes hanging from the topside covering. Rushing to their specified duties of handling Forerunner gas to propel the stations hover and to bid the usurpers a bloody departure from their domain.
> The Oracle then flew upward, waving his center 'eye' to the elevator, lighting his flashing orders to the Sentinels as he traveled downward into the abode of the station.<p>

The Elite then stridden toward the elevator portal, his squad patiently waiting for him in the dark entrance. The Grunts breathed slowly through their methane holders, releasing azure gas into the deliberate site. The Elite warriors, silently and blankly rapped the opaque terminal as the elevator beamed sideward to their feet.
> They stepped in, raising their weapons to the windows outside the station. This elevator transited them sideways through a horizontal barricade. The glass on the other side of the barricade gleamed dark and revealed a dusk scene of the station and the storm screaming toward it.
 Then a scream from the Covenant's dropship howled

overhead. The Phantom above hovered direct toward the Hanger Bay, screeching its engines to the ferocious gale. It disappeared through the towering ramparts as a Heretic Banshee twirled toward it, firing its cannons at the belly of the dropship.

"The Covenant are blind in their dooming 'Great Journey' they know nothing of the truth that the Oracle has compliantly told us."
'Gammamee sermonized, ignoring the blaring wind slashing across the stronghold. "The Prophet's will fall in their corruption and once again we will be united with our brothersâ€|"
> The elevator transit halted in a flash of a rest. The Grunts and Elites under the Heretic, murmured in silent hail.<p>

"Fall they will to the truth!" The Grunts chanted, marching out of the portal into the unlit entrance.
> "Surely they will succumb" The Heretic Elites said agreeing with the lowliest of the sovereignty.
 'Gammamee grinned at his quick vivacity; the Heretics surely will bring the Prophet's to their knees and restore peace back into the Covenant, in battle or in politics. Heresy is the truth and the uprightness, and it will prevail to the Hierarch's resolution.

The Elite stepped out into a bright platform from the unlit entrance, followed by his squad. The Heretics swayed to the windstorm growing fiercely near. They tilted their guns and inclined their heads to the vermilion skies.
> 'Gammamee propped his neck to the tower above them, where a fiery battle between a Covenant Phantom and a trio of Heretic Banshees consummated the overhead space.<p>

The Heretic felt exposed, but he did have his orders to meet the Heretic Leader outside the Banshee Port.
> Above them the battle of the factions collided, one Heretic Banshee struggled to pull air as it was hammered with plasma. The other two Banshees foiled it's turrets by clobbering its fuel rod cannons into the belly.
 Two of the Phantom's turrets fell to the maelstrom and were sucked in a hazard of bright light. The nose of the Dropship clasped to the turret in a blue haze, focusing the forked nozzle onto the three.

The Phantom then tottered sideways, hovering to the defeat of its defenses and descended downward toward the exposed platform.
> "Prepare!" The Heretic Field Master screamed over the clamorous pitch.
 The Grunts and Elites braced themselves, pointing their weapons skyward at the Phantom that was now so low that it embraced its own shadow within their feet.

The turrets above them reacted to the threats, slapping plasma into an Elite's shields as 'Gammamee backpedaled.
> "Take that turret!" He shouted, taming his steady arm onto the turret and firing obsolete shots at the blue joints held simply by energy.
 One of his Grunts dove, firing his fuel rod at the turret managing to halter the Phantom's last defense.

The dropship faltered to the side and released a quartet of Covenant Elites and Grunts to the platform.
> "The Prophet of Truth sends his regards, Heretics!" A Covenant Elite roared, raising his Plasma Rifle to the Heretic.
 'Gammamee aimed his nose on the Elite and fired puncturing his shields in four straight shots. He fell under his weight and purple blood trickled

from his mandibles.

The Heretic felt simply repulsive killing his brothers, though they were blind of their doom on the 'Great Journey, he was compelled to bring justice to the Covenant, even if they were bent on destruction.

> 'Gammamee crossed his arms, punching a Grunt in the head. The little Grunt choked down his blood and drew methane into his lungs, slowly drawing back away from the Elite.
 The Heretic Field Master lunged for the Grunt's neck and gripped it. After he clasped the throat he hurled the Grunt off the platform in a deafening shriek. He then dragged his feet backward while his shields were exhausted from plasma fire.

> Out of his eyes a glassy image of an Elite clashed around him. He fired dual Plasma Rifles at him, completely removing his shields.<p>

'Gammamee withdrew in a flash, his squad doing well to fight off the sudden drop of Covenant troops. He isolated himself behind the portal of the elevator waiting for his shields to gradually recharge.

> While his shields embossed his structure, he hugged the sparks and forked his fists out, gripping the trigger of the Carbine with a calming nerve. He stabilized his nose on a Grunt and fired at the head.
 The Grunt fell and the only remaining Elite fell to the crystalline projectiles of a Heretic Grunt. 'Gammamee raised his arms to the sky, crying to their victory of the virtuous.

The Heretics arrived outside the port, breathing rhythmically to each other's pulses. The Banshees were docked onto the exposed port and they leaned in the intense wind.

> The Heretic Leader then bounded from the portal, jumping to the gust and floating to the center Banshee. With the open portal, the Heretic Field Master heard the fizzing of shields of Elites from the Sentinel's beams.
 From what the Heretic Leader reported there was a new Arbiter, created by the Prophets to rid them from this station that was breaching all their inner defenses, it was 'Gammamee's sole duty to halt this.

> The Elite glided to his Banshee and turned his mandibles to the window. "Deal with him my brothers, I will defend the Oracle!"
 He leaped inside the Banshee, turning on the terminal and lighting the viewscreen as he screamed toward the laboratories.

'Gammamee checked his shields for the fight ahead, he registered full as he heard the cease of Sentinel's beams and the crash of metal heaping inside. He pointed inside with the tip of his Carbine, indicating the portal way.

> "This truth must not be silenced!" He roared, his squad beckoning into the way.
 What he expected he had only a half of a moment to react, he was greeted by plasma fire bruising his flesh from within his smuggled armor.

> It sank through his bronze plates and touched his skin, causing him to shriek. He tucked behind the portal, his purple sparks responding to the absence making his body shielded.<p>

The Heretic crouched behind a shadowy figure, the ancient and diverse looking armor of an Elite screened from the corner of his eye. 'He was not seenâ€|'

> 'Gammamee realized from the swift cry of a Grunt that the Arbiter had defeated the last of his teamâ€|
 He took his Covenant Carbine and slapped it to his chest, pressing the precision on the portal way

where the glare of a Energy Sword dispersed. He locked his legs and leapt from the ramp and out of the portal, addressed with the blinding storm and the close scream of a Banshee.

He growled in still failing and retribution as the Arbiter soared his Banshee over a Covenant Phantom, meeting a Heretic Banshee in midair warfare. He gazed into the loud breeze, dipping his mandibles to the hail of his fallen combatants who fought to express the truth.

> With a silent and swift gait, he jumped into the remaining Banshee and fired the terminal letting the engine shriek skyward toward the laboratories |<p>

'Gammamee fought to remain his ground, his solitary fight against the Flood was surely failing by the moment. He placed three transparent rounds into what was left of a Elite head, transformed horribly by the grotesque spores that were the Flood.

> The hideous body fell under his arm and out of a glass sheet revealed Infection Forms, scurrying their unusual tentacles across the floor, scraping what was left of the host bodies that were Elites.<p>

They poked their bulbous heads into the Combat Form's torso and reached their feelers into the nervous system and twined its life, sparking it instantly back to life.

> The Heretic launched his leg back and kicked, letting his weight carry the Flood down to the floor. Then more Infection Forms scampered up 'Gammamee's chest, plunging it's tentacles into his shields, feeling for control.
 His vision blurred and his environment was yanked from reality. With a abrupt wave of his arm he picked the Infection from his chestplate and popped it in a wet plop. His shields returned and his vision arrived back with his instincts.

> 'Gammamee then noticed from the ground that the Combat Form still clung to its maw. Trying to use its strength to urge it's self-forward from under the Heretic's hoof.<p>

'Gammamee stuck his Carbine into the moist and revolting chest cavity of the Combat Form and released his fire, letting the creature die in a pulpy mist.

> He jumped from the platform, looking up into the foggy tower. The Sentinels above descended easily, assisting the lone Heretic.<p>

The metallic hives around him connected to the tubes and conduits within the laboratory. The brisk sound of wet tentacles squabbled the tube next to the Heretic, followed by the quiet boom from the Infection Forms inside.

> He lifted his knee and kicked the tube, letting it fall to the gorge below. With a rapid halt from the elevator, it sounded from the chasm all the way to the towering mist above, rippling the hives.<p>

The Heretic Elite walked through the portal and into the corridor. Around him were the bodies of Heretic Elites, all potential vessels to the Flood threats, now infesting this station.

> He bowed his feet to the body and touched the hand of his brother. He closed the Elite's fist around his weapon and clasped it to his heart, symbolizing the truth was truly free.<p>

'Gammamee pushed past them, scouring his soul for the reprisal he needed to impel the Flood and to make the Covenant see the truth,

willingly or unwillinglyâ€|

> The truth was that he did not hate the Covenant for their actions or their greed of salvation, he simply followed to the will of integrity that fueled his every thought.
 He motivated himself outside onto a lighted bridge, blistered with Flood, Covenant, and Heretic bodies alike.

> Above him was a Phantom that bobbed over the bridge. He raised his Carbine but noticed that the nose of the dropship was focused on the bridge where Covenant warriors marched under the belly.<p>

He leaned back inside the portal and crouched, making his position quite unnoticeable. 'Gammamee peeked from the arch of the base and saw the warriors gather around under the belly.

> There were at least three Elites, two black-armored and one white-armored, clearly Special Operations, the best of the bestiary. 'Gammamee was quite flatteredâ€|'
 He then heard them speaking to each other in a hushed growlâ€|

> "This occurrence will soon overpower" The half-jawed Elite spoke. "The Arbiter will cut the station loose, putting it into freefall, there will the Heretic Leader be dealt withâ€|"<p>

The Elite's drew back and were sucked back into the Phantom. But he still heard their transmission chatter on his battle array, as the dropship lingered over.

> "All my Phantoms are in the air, Arbiter! Go cut this station loose!"
 At this the transmission broke from the sudden roar of the station above. He looked up and saw the dazzling triad of cables release one clamp.

> 'Gammamee lurched forward gripping the railing, while the station turned lopsided. He pinched his grasp on the railing and staggered upward, running forward through the bridge.<p>

'The facility going down into the storm was irrationalâ€|The Covenant sacrificing one Arbiter to the murder of the Heretic Leader was determined and dooming. He would not let this happen, the death of his squad, the quell of the truth, now the death of the Heretic Leaderâ€|He was resolute to interrupt this fateâ€|'

He rushed through the center of the facility where the map glistenedâ€|Just then the cutting of another cable. The station fell under the weight and leaned sideways. 'Gammamee braced himself while he dropped and slid to the other side.

> He then got up, seeing a clump of Combat Forms leaping towards him from the platform rostrum.
 The Heretic brought up his Carbine and pelted the Flood forms in their chest cavities, finding their inner weaknesses.

One Combat Form managed to cling to life and get up, twirling it's tentacles toward the Elite. It slapped his shields, scrapping his structure within and removing his guard entirely.

> He was vulnerable as the Combat Form brought it's feeler back and punched him with it, letting him fly while the third and final cable was cut.<p>

The station let a creak and the lights flickered to dark orange. He let his fist back and reached inside the Combat Form's chest and pushed, feeling the damp innards of his brothers.

> It flew backward and fell under a beam of red light, emitted from a stationary Sentinel moving around the Heretic, working to disable the Flood around him.<p>

From the ceiling and the sprawling ramp a figure landed. The Arbiter briskly ran through the now unshielded portal, ignoring the red threat posted on his detector that was 'Gammamee.

> One Sentinel fell and out from the ramp revealed Combat Forms swinging their tentacles toward the Elite in the corner. He sprawled rearward and bent his legs and flexed, letting the perplexed gravity lift him up.<p>

The Heretic brandished his Carbine and shot them down, all under the rounds. He then quickened his stance and turned to hear the roar of an Elite through his open transmission.

> "Are you still alive, Arbiter? We're keeping pace as best we can!"
 The lights around him darkened to emergency crimson and they blinked to his bronze plates.

'Gammamee pressed the terminal in front of him and jumped down, letting his shields brand a half. He pressed the blinking lights and was plunged downward into the red illumination.

> He then reached the bottom and stepped out through the brilliant environment of a Banshee Port.<p>

The Elite looked through the transparent window and felt the rumbling of the facility fall through the eye of the storm. He saw a Banshee twirl past a steel beam and toward another inlet of the station.

> "What lunacy! He'll never escape this maelstrom in a Banshee!" The SpecOps Leader growled through the transmission. "Wait there was a Seraph fighter in that Banshee! Go on Arbiter you know what to do!"<p>

'The Heretic Leader deserting the stationâ€|? I understand, we are completely unprepared for this invasion from the Covenantâ€|'

'Gammamee propelled himself forward outside into the storm, he felt his skin blister under wind and he dived himself into the nearest Banshee, activating it's engine and catapulting the nose of the aircraft forward.

> The Heretic bent the Banshee ahead and boldly pitched it into the inlet. He then leaned sideways as a remnant of a tower slammed into the Banshee's wings. 'Gammamee dove from his cockpit and crashed into the inlet, curling his legs to land.<p>

He got up and headlong leapt into the portal entrance. The Heretic got upward; meeting his arms onto the Carbine and heaved it to the redden radiance. From the railing next to him a spark emerged, the rumbling of the facility all around him.

> 'Gammamee stepped on a few Infection Forms, letting the soppy pith mash under his tread. He fired at a Carrier Form that struggled to wave toward him. It flushed its tentacles to the floor and flung its arms helplessly it then blew its only defense. It exploded in a shred of flesh and blood; ribbons of guts flashed the red and the Infection Forms inside the sac hustled out to feast upon more hosts.<p>

The Heretic marched over them, pointing his Carbine nozzle down to finish the remainder. He then continued, seeing Heretic Grunts fleeing from Infection Forms showing lose of leadership.

> He shot the Infections following him but turned to see that the Grunt had already fell from a puncture in his methane rebreather.
 He crossed through a corridor into a dim portal, lit only by the

gaudy red lights. He traced his fingers through the terminal and pressed, waiting for the door to respond back. The Heretic walked through the portal waiting for his heart to stop pulsing fast.

'I hope I'm there in time to assist the Heretic Leader' He thought, forking his jaw to a shadow licking the edge of a Covenant Grunt's body.

He knew the Arbiters were thrust into dangerous situations. Crisis's that couldn't be handled, they were the best, they were the vanguards to rid them of this dominion.

'It was not rightâ€|'

Such an honor bestowed to get rid of the truth. All of this was destiny however, and he knew that was the honorâ€|Fulfilling your destinyâ€|

> He emerged from the portal and into the Hanger Bay. The Seraph was hovering silentlyâ€|He perked his ears to the Hanger-Nothing responded but the clank of the station as it brushed down through the atmosphere.<p>

The Hanger Bay doors were open and the storm rocked the inside as more debris scrambled onto the deck. He leapt down, scorn with blood from his brothers and the guilt of defeatâ€|

> He scanned the floor for a corpseâ€|
 'Gammamee fell on his knees to the body of the Heretic Leader, bound in a bloody heap. His chest was severed with Energy Sword slashing and his upper jaw was revealed in a gentle bend.

The Last Heretic now clung to his Leader, washing the Elite's fist of purple gore with his hand. 'Gammamee cleansed his eyes and burned his soul of all compassionâ€|There was noneâ€|any to be foundâ€|

> He looked up; teary eyed to the Seraph above them. He knew what he would have to do.<p>

'The truth was not to be silenced but expressed through every free beingâ€|The 'Great Journey' was deceitful and only I knewâ€|'

Yes, the truth would be spread around the universeâ€|The Prophet's will succumb and 'Gammamee would be the one to lead the revolutionâ€|

He steeled the body and himself to the open hanger, revealed to the storm. He removed his eyewear and blinked to the direction of the cyclone, blistering toward him.

> 'Gammamee's Carbine slung on the floor whooshed past his head as his eyes dimmed.
 The Last Heretic pulled his Leader's body to his chest and got up. He scanned the underbelly of the Seraph with his fingers and triggered the switch to a transparent sheet that transported him inside the cockpit.

He looked around watching the pointer numbers dance around the terminal. He punched the sequence and waited to launch from this perdition of a place. The station now fiery with death and failure rushed down into Threshold's vaporous atmosphere.

> The Seraph shot out of the hanger, quivering to the storm as he gripped the control stick. He swayed the filmy rod and pulled out of space toward Basis and into Burial Mounds.<p>

Covenant vessel, Marauder cycling Threshold-orbit
> Ninth Age of Reclamation
 Renewal_

> Gala 'Gammamee's armor stabbed his flesh with sparks, the once
bronze garments, were replaced with smoking black, and the flashing
stings that maintained the personal shield were burnt to gray.
'Gammamee removed his plates, and dropped them into cylinder holes,
that gave an exuberant blue haze as he dropped his armor into the
holes.<p>

> The Last Heretic gasped from the stinging and faltered to the
armory. It was the commencement of the Covenant Civil War. The war
'Gamamee had anticipated since the discovery of the virtuous. He
contemplated the struggling past, the discrimination, the truth, and
the carnage of his mortalityâ€All wasted for the entity of a purity.
He shuddered angrily at the Covenant for ignoring the truth.<p>

'Gamamee reflected for the motive of the truth. He was the Last Heretic on their makeshift base of Burial Mounds. He resolved to himself that the truth required no uproar but a voice. He was the Voice, the Last Heretic and recent originator of salvation. The Heretic remembered the distress of the Covenant, his brother's voices searing in cold fury, blanking through their shipsâ€

> Until that one night of arrivalâ€‹<p>

> He shook the past away from him, leveling his shoulders to gain access to the armory. The Heretic typed the triangular code and forked his mandibles waiting for the two limpid, violet panels to shift to let him enter.<p>

'Gammamee brisked through the arch, letting his thoughts drift. He knew his subsistence was obsolete to the Great Ones, he knew that he was deserted as a hatchling, and he knew his lineage meant nothing of honor.

> The Last Heretic wiped his identity of all discrimination, he was no longer a contrivance to the Covenant and their corruption, nor was he going to be segregated for his lack of faith.<p>

He was Hydra, a new rank, a new eminence, and a new lifeâ€|

Created by treachery and deception, symbolizing the element of Heresy. Once was he part of the Covenant, vowed to follow the Great Journey and the Holy Ones to be a archaic follower, but now he was Hydra.

> The dawn of a new age and the gait of forgiveness was at stake, and 'Gammamee would incept it all.<p>

The Heretic stepped through the mauve lighting and through the sheet of plates. The armory was before him, there 'Gammamee pressed the terminal, and imprinted his palm in the light, it shown a brilliant blue color and flashed, and the door split open. Before him was an arsenal, crates littered the shadows and ahead was a machine, it crackled inside with glittering light. Another holographic terminal was on the armor module, with buttons lighting up as he approached. Hydra reached inside and pushed the coherent emblem, and a door opened.

> He halted his confided space and looked around him. There were tiers and rows of arrows symbolizing how to work the machine, and above him was a bulky, metallic claw that bobbed with energy splints in its holders.<p>

Hydra blazed his center palm inside the terminal, choosing a diverse set of armor from the viewscreen floating in front of him. The claw above him closed down onto him, locking his structure and sparking his mold.

> The Elite felt a stab of puncture and the drenching feeling of energy swabs coating his flesh with plates. His arms were locked in a cuirass and his shields let out a eloquent blast, once again responding to his body.<p>

When the claw retracted, he heard a metal clank in front of him and his vision returned. Out from under his shoulder a silver slide appeared from a mantle of glass and out popped a helmet.

> He latched his helmet onto his head and waited for the satisfying click to his neck. The Elite grimaced at his new appearance, which was now flawless.<p>

Hydra was in blazing crimson and black armor. Though rarely different from the occasional veteran, his armor possessed a uniqueness that the Covenant could never accomplish. From his wrists were spikes that created a secure violence symbolically. The Heretic and the Covenant armor clicked in an unusual harmony that suited him impeccably.

> Slanted plates touched his chest and brought his appearance with a scary and sanctified one. Covenant scriptures and Heretic inscriptions devised arraigining words into scarlet bulbs. His legs were wrapped in dark foils that locked his joints, and his curved revealed his four mandibles in a heroic fashion.<p>

'Gammamee scowled past a plaque on a red arch over the corridor. Every ship was blessed by the Forerunner and the Prophets; this unction made Hydra sneer even more at the ignorance of Covenant under the manipulation of the Hierarchs.

'Every race united in our Covenant, will once again walk upon the

sacred rings where we will dedicate our might to the Great Journey!'

The Prophet of Truth, whom Hydra absolutely despised, spoke this. The liesâ€|

> Hydra shook his forehead and walked on, it was Truth's wrongdoing not hisâ€|in this time of war every being shouldn't be punished, no matter what their crimesâ€|
 He marched to the council antechamber, where he was requested to attend a hearing.

> The cause of the caseâ€|What was to be done with the last Heretic?
 The Heretic scratched his fingers against the terminal and looked upon the council in the dark solitude.

They were all upon imperial benches that bent into arching zigzags around an internal rostrum where the hearing occurred.

> He shafted his weight into his legs and entered the buzzing shadows, gazing upon the white gleaming hung over his head.<p>

Each of the Councilor members looked upon the Heretic with remorseful or incensed expressions, as they all beamed down upon him like thousands of crystalline needles stroking his skin.

> "Do you perceive why you are here, Heretic?" A voice spoke from above.
 "Please my designation is Hydra, Excellency" Noting their disrespect for the Last Heretic, subsiding his mandibles fastened.

> Atop his head the Councilors murmured their renowned whispersâ€|Now he was agitatedâ€|
 One Councilor bore his jaw to the opposite and sputtered letting his mouth twitch with the constant hisses. They then turned and the front-most Elite spoke, rolling his beady eyes to the Heretic below.

> "Very wellâ€|Hydra" He waved his claw to another Councilor trying to intervene, silencing him. "Do you understand your summon here?"
 He looked up; some were sympathetic, coursing their sides to the Heretic while the rest buzzed angrily at the Heretic, flitting their swords through the air, tracing swift patterns in the air.

> "Yes" He looked away from them. "I am confident that an apology for keeping the truth is in my hearingâ€|"
 By the looks of the Elites these was either right thing to say or the very wrong.

> "You! Apology?" One chuckled.
 Hydra nodded firmly.

> "On what sediment? Defying the Forerunners!"
 His hatred lit, the death of the Heretic Leader, the Flood released to protect the truthâ€|Unreal.

> "I honor the Forerunners!" The Last Heretic roared.
 The stands were spurted with loud fire.

> "Blasphemy!"
 "He speaks the truth!"

> "The Great Ones bless all, on the path or off!"
 "The Hierarchs are misleading!"

> "Long has Truth foreseen this, the Brutes are to blame!"
 "ENOUGH!" A Councilor howled slamming his fist into the tier. "Let him speak!"

Hydra looked up, his mouth flared. "It is no one's fault for the fault of our Covenant, this is destiny that the Forerunners have unveiled before us" He forked his utterance and spoke the truth. "The sacred rings destroyâ€|"

> The irritable pause was admitted. Silence, until.
 "He speaks the truthâ€|"

> No one had anything to debate to this. The terrible parasite plaguing the rings, the sense, the truth.
 "We on behalf of the New Covenant are contrite" The Councilor bowed in his chair.

to them, the foreign aliens wore green and gray armor to the shiniest sheen and shouldered Battle Rifles and SMG's.
 The Covenant was waging war on the humans for ages and the thought and validity that they were helping them was very inapt. Hydra looked at a Human Marine and scowled, the human merely sneered and said, "Hey you aren't exactly beautiful to me either" The Elite turned his back on him.

For the certitude that the humans managed to withstand ages of slaughtering and still stood was a matter he respected entirely. Hydra pointed to the sealed doorway on a wall where a Forerunner etched creek of water poured under the brick.

> "There!" Hydra yelled at the Grunts.
 The methane-sucking creature nervously walked to the doorway, and positioned themselves in an attack stance. The Elites vindictively kneeled in attack stance. The Human standing next to him was fiddling with his Battle Rifle while Hydra arrayed his squadron.

The Last Heretic moved to the door, facing to the squadron. "Beyond our sanctuary of Halo, the traitors that led us will fall under our onslaught! The Prophets have realized what civility exchange has done to their Covenant; they are vulnerable, unorganized, and deceitful in their conquest for a false salvation! Prepare, warriors for retaliation!"

> He flung his Carbine over his shoulder and pointed his fingers at one of his Elites.<p>

The black armored Elite brandished a Plasma Rifle and inserted the positron nozzle into the portal, looking back at Hydra for instructions.

The Last Heretic nodded at the Elite, while arching his arm off to his allies to back away. The Elite sparked the trigger and removed his position from the door, surveying the vivid froth escaping the plasma.

> Plasma from the rifle blew the core apart; letting the trifles of metal spit in ribbons all round. Silence broke then from the roomâ€|<p>

Hydra held his squad off the span of the portal and peeked inside the way. The hot red plasma squeezed his interior and his shields flickered.

> "ARGH!" 'Gammamee gasped.
 For the split moment that the Heretic stepped into the portal, he saw a bastion of turrets rain pink plasma on him with Brutes and Jackals dismissing clads of fire on their position.

'Gammamee ran his fingers over the purple alloy as his shields gradually recharged. He touched the ridges around the nose and shuffled his mind for a strategy.

> "Grenadesâ€|" He drew out two plasma grenades in both hands, ignoring the shower of plasma that pelted the metal; making it melt before a pair of Grunts.
 His squad and the human's revealed plasma grenades and fragmentation grenades behind their belts and armor, juggling them confidently.

"Go!" Hydra ordered, pushing in the transparent emblem of the Forerunner.

> It fizzed and hissed as he threw it around the arch, it bent in the air and landed on a Jackal's head.
 The others released their

bombs and the smoke and fire grew to the endless explosion. Brutes and Jackals hissed in agony and death. The fire and plasma drew to their hides and wet flesh, bursting their hearts from within.

From inside the cries subsided, and the suspense grew with every skim of smoke.

> The Humans looked fervent but their leader held them off, listening to the wisp of smog brush the air.
 'Gammamee put his fingers up, indicating three seconds to the humans. The leader nodded his head telling his Marines under him.

Hydra put down a finger, still listening to the calm coughing from the Brutesâ€|

> He put down the next one, adjusting his Carbine to the fiery vapor inside...
 And he put down the last one giving a brisk cry for battleâ€|

> 'Gammamee raised his Carbine and beamed the volley to a Jackal's head. The shield of the traitor evaporated in the smoke and down a cluttered maw fell. The Humans kneeled to the floor, firing their three-round shots at the Brutes above, letting the fire murder the savaged beasts.<p>

Hydra so distracted from the battle he hadn't yet taken the surroundings of the room. The Forerunner chamber was a huge, broad cupola with blue energy filled the dome shaped ceiling. The wall was ancient with foliage growing from the blue energy. A dais was in front layered in blue beams for lighting.

> It was a field of fire; they were welcomed with plasma, on a balcony above was an assembly of turrets with grass growing out of the once derelict ground. A naÃ¬ve Marine was caught in the fire and dropped dead in a scream. He shot the Brute responsible for the death with a headshot and he stooped to the metal. Just then a stray plasma bolt pierced his shields. Hydra was vulnerable; he then hid behind a stack of crates and waited for the embrace to a spark.<p>

As he shields returned he nailed a vibrant green projectile into a Brutes head. The beast fell to his trigger and the Marines around him flailed their guns to the Jackals above.

> From his rear, a rocket slammed into the side of the wall. The crisp, white metal melted and pierced a turret to purple scraps.
 The last of the battle turned, and the Heretics and Marines finished their kills. Panting the sound of death cries. The turn of the tide was they're bequeathing to the legend around him. The Forerunners, Halo, Covenant, Humans, all were the same in their quest for greater power. Evil or Good they were the virtuous to continue the truth and this Prophet of Pride knew that they were resolute in their 'Great Journey' for the truthâ€|

End
file.